

# THE CANADIAN FORUM



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THE note addressed by Lord Balfour to the debtor nations of Europe was both wise and timely—wise, because it boldly faced the facts in all their nakedness; timely, because the crisis of revision has arrived. For some weeks before its appearance a determined agitation in the continental Press had created an impression that England was ready to remit the debts of France and other countries, as the price of a settlement on Reparations, while acknowledging her own indebtedness to the United States and beginning its repayment. Mr. Asquith has endorsed the double project in the House of Commons, and other Englishmen support it. But there is a strong, instinctive opposition against which the remnant of English Liberalism, in the wilderness or elsewhere, vainly preaches. In their treatment of foreign affairs, Mr. Asquith and his followers retain their command of the grand manner; but, however magnificent the gesture, they cannot now pretend to contact with reality.

FACT on which the Balfour note insists is that England went into debt to the United States primarily on behalf of her weaker allies. In effect, a large part of the loans made by the government of the United States to Belgium, France and Italy was underwritten by the British government. England, by refusing to guarantee them, could easily have avoided the most awkward of her present obligations; her nearest European neighbours could scarcely have escaped defeat.

THE meeting of the Premiers at No. 10 Downing Street closely coincides with the cabled recovery of Lord Curzon—whose power to persuade himself of almost anything is exemplified in his new belief (the result, it is said, of auto-suggestion) that "every day and in every way he is getting better and better." But the public will rightly regard the conference as an issue between M. Poincaré and Mr. Lloyd George, in which Lord Curzon, Senator Schanzer and the rest hold a secondary place. Behind the great question, What practical treatment of the Reparations problem gives the best hope of preventing a collapse in Europe? looms another question, no less difficult.

What further instalment of the truth dare the French politicians admit to their electorate? Mr. Keynes said in 1919 that it was much easier to bamboozle Dr. Wilson than to de-bamboozle him. *Mutatis mutandis* the phrase has a present application. It was safe and easy for place-hunting allied politicians to bamboozle their weary public three years ago. The de-bamboozling process is positively dangerous in 1922.

UNOFFICIAL forecasts anticipate that M. Poincaré will offer as the price of debt remission to cancel the Class C. Reparation Bonds. Since their nominal amount is about 80,000,000,000 gold marks, this looks like a sweeping concession. As such it will probably be resented by the French intransigents. But every sensible man has known from the beginning that the Class C. Bonds were worthless. No payment could conceivably be made on them—to cancel them is no concession. Nevertheless, there is an element of reassurance in the rumour. If he should offer this unreal cancellation, M. Poincaré will thus declare his willingness to reduce the nominal amount of Reparations to about \$12,000,000,000. This is not more than a quarter of the ridiculous indemnity which was written in the Treaty of Versailles. It is less than a sixth of the sum which the government of the Tiger promised, in the French Chamber of Deputies, to collect from Germany. Even the reduced sum may never be collected. A dry, fresh wind is scattering the cloud of falsehood which served as a smoke-screen to the Conference. The public is learning dangerously fast.

A QUESTION of etiquette has been raised by the proposed removal of the British embargo on Canadian cattle. The Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, Mr. Manning Doherty, with Lord Beaverbrook (surely necessity makes strange bedfellows) went direct with their complaint to the British public, and it appears as though the embargo must soon be lifted. In a published interview Mr. Doherty gives Lord Beaverbrook much credit for the handling of the publicity campaign, but—evidently thinking that the meek no longer inherit the earth—reserves

a little for himself. When a government has no daily press to sing its praises we suppose it must develop its own lungs. But someone has now given to the *Ottawa Journal* an account from the proceedings, hitherto secret, at the Imperial Conference of 1921 of certain words used by Mr. Lloyd George in reference to the same Mr. Doherty. The British Premier describes Mr. Doherty's action as "a very dangerous precedent" and holds that no Canadian minister should "take part in an agitation here on a question which is purely a domestic question." The point is well taken; but Canadians will gratefully remember that this interference has removed a slur on their cattle. For it exposed a dishonest defence on sanitary grounds of a measure which was essentially protectionist and economic. The dispute has cleared the air.

THE results of the recent provincial elections in Manitoba were hardly in the nature of a surprise. After Ontario and Alberta had given their verdict against the two-party system, even the newspapers, which live and move in that system, had slowly come to realize that the revolt amongst the farmers is the result of a feeling of injury, deep-seated and determined, not temporary or capricious. Few observers, however, could have supposed that Mr. Norris would fail so utterly. He is a decent man, and his ministers had done well on the whole. They really deserved better of the people of Manitoba for having been the means of ridding the province of a government as corrupt and blind as any we have suffered from in Canada. The scandal of the new Parliament Buildings in Winnipeg is well remembered; even more disgraceful was the fate of thousands of children who were prevented by political trickery from securing even the rudiments of an education. But Mr. Norris was honest; and Dr. Thornton, his Minister of Education, if less than liberal in his attitude towards Mennonite and French minorities, was at any rate earnest and thorough. The name Liberal, however, was too much for the people of Manitoba. Even Mr. Norris' plea that he held no brief for the federal Liberal party could not save him. He returns to the Legislature with a mere remnant of followers, to wonder why he was not born as shrewd as Mr. Martin, the late premier of Saskatchewan.

CONSIDERABLE attention has been paid by the press to the fact that the much heralded campaign of the Progressives resulted in the return of only one candidate, Mr. Craig, a Winnipeg lawyer. Very little support was given Mr. Chipman, who championed the "broadening-out" idea, and was regarded as a probable choice for premier in the event of a victory for the Farmers. Mr. Chipman's uncompromising attitude as editor of the *Grain-Growers' Guide*

was probably responsible for his failure. He fell between two stools, having alienated the financial interests on the one hand, without making any appeal to the strong Labour vote on the other hand. His defeat has been construed as an evidence of the weakness of the Progressives and as a proof that Mr. Drury would do well not to depend on the cities. But the Winnipeg voters who called themselves 'Progressives' need not be ashamed of electing only one candidate out of ten who presented themselves. We do not know what the term 'Progressive' means in the provincial politics of Manitoba, but it is quite certain that a large number of those who are really progressive voted for Mr. Dixon, who again as Labour leader headed the poll. Presumably Mr. Drury will arrange some compact with Labour so as to avoid the conflict between Labour and Progressive candidates. Moreover, those city dwellers who wish to vote Progressive will have a man with a record and a policy to support; in Winnipeg the Progressives had neither.

THE question has recently arisen whether the Indian in Canada is an infant or an adult in respect of his capacity to make agreements with his pale-faced brethren. Judging by the manner in which it is proposed to settle the grievances of the Six Nations Indians, they are children in the eyes of the Department of Indian Affairs. Some months ago representatives from the Indian reserves waited upon the Government at Ottawa to ask that certain injustices be removed. The Minister of the Interior promised immediate attention to their request and, as a first and very wise move, went himself to the reserve to confer with the chiefs. It appeared that the way had been opened up for successful negotiations, when an unfortunate communication again disturbed the situation. The chiefs of the Six Nations were informed by this letter, written over the signature of the Minister, that the Department had decided upon the proper way to settle the differences. A commission of three was to be appointed, one member to be the nominee of the Indians themselves, and, contrary to the usual practice in arbitrations, the other two to be named by the Crown. But as a condition of the appointment of this commission the Indians were to pledge themselves to be bound by its findings. Since in addition to the specific grievances certain questions, of which the Indians have no knowledge beforehand, are to be submitted to the commission by the Department for decision, the Indians have reason to be greatly concerned. It is as if they were asked to give a blank, signed cheque to the Minister. From the beginning of British rule in North America it has been the practice of the Crown to enter into treaties with the Indians through their chiefs and thereby to recognize their right to make such treaties. The

chiefs of the Six Nations cling tenaciously to what they regard as their treaty rights. They look upon themselves as allies rather than as subjects of the British Crown. To have all such pretensions roughly brushed aside is unlikely to pave the way for a settlement of existing grievances. It is not surprising that the Indians have rejected the proposal.

**W**HEN the farmers came to power in Ontario, beekeepers hoped that their industry would at last receive attention. Nowhere else in the Dominion could better honey be produced. It is ranked by dieticians among the most valuable sweets, and (if it were sold in greater quantities) could easily rival the commercial preserved fruits. But it needs protection, and nothing has been done. Thus, the Provincial Apiarist is forced to warn prospective beekeepers to avoid some of the richest districts owing to the prevalence of the two bee diseases, American and European Foul Brood. These have spread so widely that there is scarcely a large apiary which has escaped infection, while many smaller ones have been destroyed. The law forbids the sale or removal from one district to another of diseased bees or infected equipment, and authorises fines not exceeding fifty dollars. The Province maintains four inspectors to enforce these regulations and, when requested, to assist beekeepers to combat disease. Such half-hearted measures are in any case a waste of time and money; at present they are not even being carried out. Nothing but rigorous inspection, and compulsory destruction or treatment of infected colonies, can eradicate or even check these plagues. Every beekeeper should be required under penalty to register with the Department of Agriculture, and to report either type of Foul Brood as soon as it appears. Full-time inspectors—twenty-five would not be too many for the Province—should examine all apiaries at least once a year, with power to treat or destroy infected bees and material. A small expenditure, well-directed, would quickly bring a large return.

**T**HE Ontario Legislature has passed a bill permitting the conversion of certain streets into playgrounds by the expulsion of vehicular traffic for a number of hours each day. A rider is affixed thereto requiring that the "unanimous consent" of the residents be obtained in each case. As it is next to impossible to secure the "unanimous consent," the act has proved quite ineffective, and the authorities in Toronto, for example, have not been able to close a single street. At first glance it might appear that the fault lies with selfish citizens who either have no children or who put convenience ahead of humane considerations. But the difficulty may not be thus easily located. Every town-dweller knows that our towns are not built with a view to

rapid traffic and that the downtown streets are very much congested for most of the day. He will have observed also that on many of these same streets live hundreds of children, the very ones whom the act is most designed to benefit. To give street playgrounds to the children who need it, without further congesting traffic to an intolerable degree, will be a real problem so long as we are confined to our present streets and methods of transportation. Where there is a will, however, there is generally a way, and a solution will be no doubt found. The act is a much needed move in the right direction. It is to be hoped that opinion is sufficiently strong to secure supplementary measures that will correct the letter of the law and set free its spirit.

**O**N July 30th the amateur golf championship of Scotland was won by John Wilson, a school-teacher. A prominent contestant in the same tournament was a mail-carrier of Montrose, John Ripley by name. This event is quite in accordance with the Scottish golfing tradition and the social status of these winners of distinction evokes no surprise. But for Canadians there is a moral to be drawn. Did anyone ever hear of a school-teacher winning an open golf championship in Canada in competition with a mail-carrier and others? We doubt it. For the manner in which we have organized golf (and the same is largely true of tennis, in which field we are not even entering a Davis cup team this year) has made it practically impossible for such things to happen. Our golf clubs have originated all too frequently as ventures in real estate and have even been financed as good stock speculations for men of means and leisure. Great golfers (and tennis players) will be developed in abundance when it is realized, as it is beginning to be realized, that the best brawn and sportsmanship are not confined to men whose bank accounts can meet the fees of exclusive clubs. Fortunately, the much-needed touch of democracy is beginning to be felt. Thanks to the public spirit of Mr. Ralph Connable, Toronto now has the inexpensive, so-called "municipal", links, which are within reach of small purses. We look to them to remedy the wrong conditions that have prevailed.



A CORRESPONDENT writes: After a prolonged illness Professor J. J. Mackenzie died at Gravenhurst on August 1st at the age of 57. He had been Professor of Pathology in the University of Toronto since 1900, and by his great energy, foresight and knowledge had built up a department which, for efficiency, now stands second to none.

On the outbreak of the War Mackenzie at once offered his services. He was gazetted Captain in the C.A.M.C. in April 1915 and in the following month went overseas in charge of the laboratories of the No. 4 Canadian Hospital (University of Toronto) established at Saloniki. He returned to his duties at the University in the Autumn of 1916, but the following summer found him again overseas, this time in England where he carried on investigations with the late Professor Brodie on certain problems in the physiology of respiration, that had been suggested by the experiences of the War. In the Autumn of 1921 signs of a streptococcus infection—how acquired is uncertain—began to show themselves, and Mackenzie was soon obliged to relinquish his University duties. During the long illness that followed there was no abatement of his natural cheerfulness and interest in affairs. Never was there a braver struggle. No one knew better than he to interpret the insidious progress of the disease, yet to the friends who visited him he was ever cheerful and uncomplaining. He was one of Nature's big-hearted noblemen, beloved by all who came in contact with him, friends, colleagues and students. Mackenzie was not one of those who personally contributed largely to the literature of his special subject. He preferred to stimulate others to investigation, and many important studies, suggested and supervised by him, have appeared from his laboratory. His knowledge of his subject and his powers of clear exposition made his teaching both thorough and stimulating, and by his students and his colleagues, both at home and abroad, he was acknowledged as a master in his chosen field. He took an active part in the proceedings of the many scientific societies of which he was a member, and was honoured by a fellowship in the Royal Society of Canada and the Presidency of the Royal Canadian Institute. His interests were by no means confined to his special field of science; they extended to both literature and art, and he delighted especially in good books and good music. Of him it may truly be said that he was a scholarly, cultured gentleman, whose loss will be sincerely mourned.

## A Conference on Unemployment

THE news that the Canadian premiers will meet this month or next, to consider remedies for unemployment, has been received without excitement. The priest and the levite, who still run true to type, are already questioning the need for such a meeting. The doctor, the district nurse, the settlement head, the downtown minister—everyone, indeed, who comes into contact with present distress—will be haunted by the thought, *Two years too late*. More intimately concerned with trade depression than anyone, the jobless worker whose saving sense of humour is his last line of defence—the dyke that guards the social system—may be moved to swift, unkind, sardonic merriment. Little good is served, he will bitterly reflect, by shutting stable doors after the horse is stolen, but the gesture is instinctive with the politician. *Is the present calamity one that we should have foreseen? Then let us meet to talk it over.*

This is, nevertheless, a case in which Mr. King himself is clearly not to blame. Summoned to power less than a year ago, with an exceedingly precarious majority, he has inherited the great industrial problem that proved too much for his predecessors. More gravely handicapped than they were, he must deal with a situation that grows more difficult as it develops, while it steadily loses in dramatic quality. Public attention is arrested in a temporary crisis; whatever the remedies proposed, a measure of support and sympathy can be relied on. But if this was a crisis two years ago, at present it is something more; it is fast becoming a condition in the daily life of thousands.

What are the facts? Despite the welter of opinion, which insists that while beggars and ne'er-do-wells abound, everyone has work who wants it, the facts are quite beyond dispute. They may be summed up in a single sentence. Of every six workers who were employed in Canada two years ago, one is at present unemployed. While we have been thanking God that we are not as other countries—notably the British Isles—our own situation has been as bad as theirs, or very little better. The chief points of difference between the Dominion and the Mother Country have been, firstly, that England boldly faced the facts, while we did not, and, secondly, that England has systematic means of relieving unemployment, while for our part we have none.

The need for preparation has been pointed out time and again, and has received academic assent from authorities with little taste for the work that it involves. The time to provide against depression, as everyone knows, is before the slump begins; but there were always strong reasons for delay. *Sloth said, Yet a little more Sleep: and Presumption said,*

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*Political Editor*.

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*Literary Editor*.

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*Every Tub must stand upon his own bottom.* Action was always put off until to-morrow.

A price must be paid for unreadiness—a price which no people has yet succeeded in avoiding. The price of this lack of foresight is being paid now—on the instalment system—by families whose savings have been exhausted and homes broken up; by workers whom hunger so weakens, that when they get back to work they can do nothing; by sickness directly traceable to such privation; by despair and sometimes suicide. The price will continue to be paid, even when trade has revived; not mainly, however, by scattered families and individuals, as at present, but by the nation as a whole, in the permanently impaired efficiency of some of its workers, and the permanently embittered memories of others. Unemployment is the failure of capitalism; and as such it must be dealt with.

The task of the premiers is twofold. Their immediate business is to devise a plan by which—since no magic wand can create employment—relief can be provided well and inexpensively for those who face the winter without resources of their own. Less immediate, but no less important, is the need for measures which can be carried out in times of normal activity, to minimise unnecessary suffering during future trade depressions. Time and again have emergency methods of relief proved futile. We can afford to depend on them no longer. On the other hand, past experience shows clearly that depression and prosperity succeed one another like the regular ebb and flow of ocean tides. Public opinion is hardening against men in responsible positions who refuse to reckon with and plan against this alternation—who refuse to make preparation for the lean years in the respite afforded by the fat. Whether incurably stupid or criminally negligent—a third alternative is hard to find—they are likely, when they face the people, to be given a short shrift.

The case is so plain that in unitary governments it is inevitably realized. For nearly twenty years industrial issues have been among the dominant forces in English politics. Each successive government, when the time came to go to the hustings, has been anxious to get all the credit possible for its industrial legislation. A series of administrations at Westminster has organized the labour market thoroughly, providing insurance against unemployment for more than twelve million workers. There has been no limitation on the legislative power: there has been no doubt as to who was financially responsible for each change. The rate of progress has accordingly been rapid.

In a federal system issues clear more slowly. Apart from the profound, instinctive conservatism which dominates all politics in Canada, the division of powers between provincial and dominion governments creates endless difficulties and delays. Few

far-reaching social reforms can be said clearly to be within the scope of either province or Dominion. Almost all of them require some special arrangement for co-operative working, unforeseen by the makers of our constitution. The financial questions involved in any project must be made the subject of a special bargain, between men on either side who feel bound by pledges of economy. Too often the temptation to decline responsibility proves overwhelming. "Passing the buck," the costliest of all devices, becomes a legitimate form of statecraft, and abuses flourish.

Such leadership as there was came generally from Ottawa. It is now many years since Sir William Mulock (then the Postmaster-General) gave his first chance to a young research student called Mackenzie King, who was credited with advanced views on social reform, and did good service in reforming the practice of awarding contracts. Subsequently the same young man has more than once found himself in a position to give help to others of like mind. Since those days there have generally been a few men in the departments possessing at the same time the vision to plan for future needs, and the confidence of a minister or two, without whose support they were powerless. In order to carry out the constructive policies they planned—and by no means all of them were welcomed—the Dominion government has sometimes literally been compelled to bribe the provinces by subsidies; almost unconsciously, a system of grants-in-aid has been evolved.

Will the coming conference on unemployment reproduce this familiar situation? Such an event is, unfortunately, not improbable. The provinces are not all alike in their attitude to social problems. The political complexion of their governments is not the same. They are by no means equal in taxable resources; and they have suffered unequally from the depression. Even if Mr. King can lay before the provincial premiers an effective plan—and this is a large assumption—the hesitation of two or three of the provinces may waste precious time, and be dissipated only by more subsidies.

Whatever the result of the meeting, Mr. King's leadership will be critically tested. Before assuming office he toured the country widely, regaling tolerant Canadian Clubs with addresses on industrial relations. If he spoke the language of the pulpiter, his stated purpose was severely practical. His was the formula—so he told his hearers—which would reconcile capital and labour. To-day, perhaps a good deal sooner than he looked for it, he faces a problem which will test his knowledge and resource.

At the worst, the conference will meet and talk and part, leaving a bluebook to confess its impotence. At best, if in spite of Sloth and Presumption it succeeds, it may do much to give a new direction to Canadian politics. Almost unconsciously during the

last generation we have developed an industrial society. Canadian politicians have continued to wrangle on old issues—have lived in the past with Sir Charles and Sir John and Sir Wilfrid, while the Canada they knew was disappearing. No doubt the dead are always reluctant to bury their dead: forgetting the new world that each age brings to birth. Not unconnected with this is the townsman's loss of interest in politics, which makes Canadian elections tame affairs. He will no longer interest himself in bygone quarrels as he once did.

Even the tariff controversy lacks reality. As almost every voter knows, no party in the state can afford at present, whatever its majority, to do much to the tariff. As the need for revenue forbids any but a trifling reduction, so does the need for markets forbid any but a trifling increase. Timidity drives the Conservative to bleat for a "low" tariff; and the Liberal to bleat for "adequate" protective duties. One minister of finance appoints a tariff commission and dare not produce its findings; another tries to serve God and Mammon by proclaiming a small reduction in protection and (as the result of a juggle with the sales tax) making a camouflaged increase.

In this welter of unreal controversy the country is waiting for someone strong enough to break away from the ancient good which time has made uncouth. There are some two million workers in the towns and cities of this country; many thousands of them out of work, still more with an uncertain hold on employment. The problem of keeping, or securing, continuous work at wages is a vital one for most of them. A political philosophy which does not take account of this is doomed. But a programme free from catchwords, which promises a real reduction in the risk of unemployment, will arrest their attention as nothing else could do. The need has existed for a long time; but never more urgently than now.

### Expansion of the Guild Movement

THE Building Guild movement, which has exercised a powerful influence on the mind of the British building workers, has furnished the inspiration to similar movements in Europe, although the movement in Italy is an exception in that it started independently from the British movement.

It is significant of the attractiveness of the Guild idea that it developed in Great Britain and Italy without mutual inspiration. The outstanding feature of the Italian Guild movement is that the Guilds were created, first, to relieve unemployment; secondly, to provide an outlet for the overflowing energies of blackleg-proof unions. All the Italian

Guilds are closely connected with the Trade Union movement. For instance, the National Federation of Building Operators enumerates amongst its objects the creation of Guilds of production and labour, and at its last congress passed a resolution affirming that "in order to overcome the under-production of houses and profiteering in rents and building materials, it is indispensable that the building industry shall be declared a national service . . . devolving most of its functions upon the municipalities and entrusting the actual work of construction to the Building Guilds. . . ."

The same congress instructed the Federation to coordinate the numerous local Guilds into a National Federation of Building Guilds, which is to be a section of the N.F.B.O., giving as its reason that "the unions have reached a stage in which . . . they must engage in actual production."

This National Guild is based on local Guilds. Each member of the local Guilds must pay for at least one share, the price of which is fifty lire, and no member may own more than one hundred shares. There are no dividends paid on these shares, unless one may term the twenty-five per cent. of the profits that goes to the workers, in proportion to the wages they have earned, a dividend. Twenty-five per cent. of the profits is transferred to mutual aid funds, and the remaining fifty per cent. goes to the sinking fund.

The National Guild is at work constructing a long railway line for the State Railways, and is responsible for all large scale works that involve the interest of vast zones and distributes them amongst the district Guilds. It is also the financing agency for national construction and takes over and manages subsidiary industries, such as quarries, brick, cement and lime factories, together with the workshops which prepare building material.

It is backed by two hundred thousand members of the N.F.B.O.; it controls labour and the labour market, and is capable of engaging in any kind of construction work, from road and bridge building to the building of the finest residences in any part of the country. Tremendous work has been done already by its affiliated Guilds. During the last two years most of the reconstruction work in the war area has been carried on by the local Guilds. The National Guild has an expert staff and a schooled, disciplined rank and file. It is not out for profits, but wants to realize the principles that will make it possible and feasible to transform the building industry into a true national public service, free of "red tape" and working in conjunction with the public administration in the interest of the community.

The other European communities in which the Guild movement is in action are Austria, Hungary, Germany and Holland, all of whom owe their in-

spiration to the example of the British building workers.

Soon after the conclusion of the war, building workers in many parts of Germany united to form productive co-operative societies. The new movement was very successful, and in September, 1920, the Building Trade Unions took over its management and formed the Union of Social Building Corporations as a limited Company, with a working capital of twenty-five million marks. According to its stipulations, this Union is formed for the purpose of "forming and promoting social or co-operative building corporations and to represent them in their relations to government, Parliament and communities." The profit made must not exceed five per cent. of the capital invested. Most of the local societies adopted the name of "Bauhütte," which in the middle ages was the name of the gatherings, and afterwards of the Building Guilds.

The Union comprises at present about two hundred corporations, with twenty thousand workers. It is managed by hand and brain workers, and a partner can only transfer his share to another partner. Private people cannot be partners. The Committee of Control assists the Managing Directors and the Works Committee in technical and administrative affairs. The Committee of Control represents the associations of building workers, societies for establishing small dwellings, the provinces and the state.

During the last year the turnover amounted to 300 million marks. It has been successful in reducing the cost of building, as during the years 1920-21 the tenders of the "Bauhütten" were 400,000,000 marks below those of private concerns. Some instances may be given: In 1920 the City of Bonn wanted tenders; the lowest given by private concerns was 500,000 marks, whilst that of the Guilds was 200,000 marks, being 143 per cent. cheaper. In Darmstadt private tenders for carpentry amounted to 72,000 marks; the Guild only asked 35,870. In Heilbronn the cost of excavating was reduced, through competition of the Guilds, from 26 to 17 marks per cubic yard, although the wages at the same time were raised 27 per cent.

In January, 1922, the movement was recognized as of general utility and was, therefore, exempted from the special taxes on corporations, thus enabling Guilds to obtain credit more easily from public funds, notwithstanding the opposition of private building interests.

Turning to Austria, we find in existence the Builders' and Civic Improvers' Guild. The Guild aims at a close union between those who make and those who use the products of a whole branch of industry, viz.—of the Building Trades and all the trades connected with it. Three organizations are in association in the Guild. The first is the Builders'

Union, comprising both manual and administrative workers in the building trade. The second is the Garden City Association, a co-operative organization for the laying out of garden cities. The third is the Austrian Lodgers' Union, the object of which is the protection of the lodgers' interests, and in a country where living in tenements is the rule, such an organization is of great importance.

The object of the Guild is to gain full control of the building of new houses and flats, and the keeping in good repair of houses already existing. The Builders' Union, the Garden City Association, the Vienna Town Council and the Government have founded institutes to provide the Guild with building materials, and the Builders' Union is at work on several settlements. The Guild is built on democratic principles, and the Executive Boards of the three bodies which constitute the Guild send a certain number of members to the Guild council. At present the Guild has about two hundred thousand members.

The Building Guild of Hungary owes its creation to the National Federation of Building Trades' Operatives, which has twenty-five thousand members and is largely Marxian in spirit. Two years ago the Federation of Building Craft Unions was transformed into a real industrial union of the Building Trades, and out of this organization grew the demand for a Building Guild, which would include technicians and office workers as well as manual workers, and be based on the principle of democratic self-government, having as its objects greater efficiency, higher output and better craftsmanship, with continuous pay and no distribution of profits.

The first local Guild was started in Budapest, and the number of volunteers asking to be enrolled in the Guild surpasses, at the present time, the working capacity of the Guilds. It is even more remarkable that the support given to Guild action is stronger in small towns and country places than at the Capital.

In Holland a Building Guild has been formed at Amsterdam, with similar objects to those of the British Building Guild. The Social, Democratic, Syndicalist, Christian and Catholic Building Unions are each entitled to two members on the Guild council, and provision is made for other unions to have representation on it. The Guild carries on propaganda for the creation of a national body. With the exception of some small contracts, no information has been available to indicate its success, either in the amount of contracts received, or in lower costs of building.

In Ireland a National Building Guild has been created out of the Dublin movement, and at the present time, according to the *Voice of Labour*, plans are on foot for the reorganization of the whole Irish fishing industry as a national Guild, working in conjunction with Dail Eireann.

According to the statements sent out by the National Federation of Trade Unions, steps are now being taken to create a National Building Guild in France. The initiative in the matter has been taken by the Union of Technicians, who are working in conjunction with the organized building workers, having as their object the building of houses for public bodies, and all sorts of building work for local authorities, especially devoting their energies to reconstruction work in the devastated areas.

The French Seamen's Federation is proposing to start a merchant fleet of its own and wishes to buy seventeen vessels from the French government, having a total tonnage of 112,000. A separate co-operative organization, under union control, is to be formed to take charge of the enterprise.

The French Miners' Federation has formed a company and started work in a quarry, which has been quite successful so far. The Belgian miners have put some of their own money into the enterprise as a sign of international solidarity. Meanwhile, in connection with the devastated areas of France, the French and German Building Unions have agreed on a plan for doing the work, partly with German labour, through the German Building Guilds, on terms which would eliminate all profit. The French workers would be represented on the governing bodies of the Guilds doing the work. This plan was overwhelmingly approved by the residents of the areas in question, but the French government stepped in and refused to allow it to be carried out.

Turning to the western world, the only sign of Guild ideas in action is in Tampico, Mexico, where the dockworkers have taken the management of the work of the port into their own hands and are running the dock on Guild lines. But there are interesting developments elsewhere, on slightly different lines. In Boston a small experiment is carried out by a number of building trades' operatives in co-operative house-building, without direct support from their Trade Unions. They have between thirty and forty contracts in hand and have gone along working on rough plans which they themselves have drawn out, buying materials as best as they could. It is claimed that their costs of production have so far been about 15 per cent. below those of private contractors. Again, in Minneapolis the Bricklayers' Union has organized a plan to build better and cheaper homes for the workers, and at St. Paul there is a co-operative undertaking, owned and controlled by the workers, for the purpose of building homes. This enterprise, in the short period it has been at work, has already effected a saving of from twenty to thirty per cent. in the price of houses. Its funds have been contributed by the unions.

These American experiments, however, are not strictly Guilds, and so far there is no indication that American or Canadian workers are likely to be

seized with the inspiration of Guild ideas and the conception of work as national service, which the European workers are endeavouring to translate into action, in spite of the opposition of private interests.

JAMES T. GUNN.

### Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.*

### Original Sin

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.  
Sir:

In the June number of the FORUM appeared a letter objecting to a little article of mine, 'A Plea for Original Sin,' which was in the April issue. Since the letter, while scrupulously temperate and fair-minded in tone, was a counterblast to what was evidently regarded as a sort of plea for immorality, I hope I may be pardoned for setting forth some ancient views which cannot possibly be of the slightest consequence to anyone. It is extremely disturbing to a sensitive mind to be considered a villainous abominable misleader of youth.

I can quite sympathize with your correspondent's attitude, but he has misunderstood mine. I agree with many of his remarks and trust that a further explanation of my own point of view will satisfy him and any young people who were troubled over the advisability of running amuck in the interests of literature—a course the efficacy of which the correspondent naturally doubted.

He says, quite truly, that the article in question 'is written with an elusiveness which makes it difficult to pin the author to any positive plea for sin. One can therefore accuse him of nothing. . . . The tone of the article, its very title, I had thought, would have made it impossible for anyone to take parts of it with such extreme literalness. It was not at all a reasoned set of immoral precepts designed to compass the ethical perversion of growing minds. I hasten to say that I believe in morals as much as anyone. What one objects to is the dominance in conduct of rigid and sterile moral formulas, and the association of morality with art. In a world where there are no absolutes, narrow formalism in morals, belief in a code because it is a code, may be more blighting to the soul than the worst licence. Morals are nothing except as a matter of individual struggle, though we commonly use them as a foot-rule with which to measure our neighbour. Morals are continually degenerating into a set of formulas as mechanical as addition and subtraction—that is the objectionable side of 'middle-class morality'—and they are in continual need of being revitalized in the individual soul. It is one of the accidental functions of art to perform that office by giving us honest, high-minded treatments of all aspects of human life, all of which demand our sympathy. My little piece was not, then, a deadly anarchistic bomb intended to shatter morals and release us all for a grand carnival of the senses; it was only a modest fire-cracker placed under the chairs of the twin Muses of Canadian literature, Sentimentalism and Insipidity. I was trying to say that morality and art in Canada are hand in glove,

when they ought to be strangers; that there is not, among the general public, the state of mind which appreciates and encourages artistic honesty, and which is the indispensable prerequisite for the growth of great art; that this tendency to shrink from anything 'unpleasant' keeps Canadian literature anaemic and provincial. If a D. H. Lawrence or a Sherwood Anderson arose among us—not that they represent the summit of achievement—a dozen societies would undertake their suppression. Truth, plain or pathological, makes us uncomfortable; we do not want anything that can't be read aloud at a Sewing Circle.

Obviously 'glad sinning' is not the one essential of literary distinction, or every penitentiary would be a new Athens, and of course, as your correspondent remarks, only the man of original mind can make literature. But isolated individuals can make little headway against the powerful herd-instinct. We are all much too confident in our ability to know right from wrong, and much too ready to apply it. In treating his characters the artist neither judges nor condemns; our attitude towards him should be the same—a point of view taken from the Gospels does sometimes seem subversive of the Christian morality we have so painfully achieved. We have in Canada more than enough books which tell us of the virtuousness of virtue and the viciousness of vice; if our morals are worth keeping they will not be damaged by books which attempt to do neither, but merely to give an honest picture of human life.

Yours, etc.,

DOUGLAS BUSH.

Cambridge, Mass.

## A Flag for Canada

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

"Prince David" Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire has had printed and distributed to the public schools of Ottawa, and to at least one Toronto daily paper, a pamphlet entitled "How to Honor the Flag". One reads in the pamphlet itself that it is issued in the interests of Canadianization. The zeal of the ladies of the I.O.D.E. for Canadianization is admirable but it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that they are even more anxious to prevent the conception of a Canadian flag than they are to insist on the honor due to the British flag.

This cloaking of imperialist propaganda in the camouflage of Canadianization is indeed a pretty paradox, but the Daughters of the Empire would be doing a better bit of Canadianization were they to use their great power and influence in regularizing the use of a Canadian flag, than by discrediting the use of the Red Ensign, with the Arms of the Dominion of Canada, which flag-hungry Canadians have unofficially adopted as their very own.

The first three clauses of the pamphlet are as follows:

"1. The only authorized flag for use on land throughout the British Empire is the Union Flag, commonly called the UNION JACK.

2. The UNION FLAG is the National Flag of Canada as of all other parts of his Majesty's Dominions and may be flown by all British subjects. (*Canada Gazette*, Vol. XLV., page 4574.)

3. The Red Ensign, with the Arms of the Dominion of Canada in the fly, is intended to be used by Canadian Merchant vessels. (*Canada Gazette*, Vol. XLV., page 4574.)"

Regarding these clauses it may be said,—that, authorized or unauthorized, Australia, New Zealand and Canada fly flags of their own.

The Australian Flag (being the ensign with the Southern Cross) was chosen twenty years ago by popular competitions in which thirty thousand contestants took part; the preferred design was submitted to King Edward VII and received his approval.

As long ago as 1889 Lord Stanley, Governor General of Canada, wrote to the Lords of the Admiralty concerning the Red Ensign of the Canadian Mercantile Marine that it had "come to be considered as the recognized flag of the Dominion ashore and afloat."

Under the circumstances it is right that those of us who are interested in the achievement of a regularized Canadian flag should not remain silent.

Having asserted that Canadians, or at least some Canadians, want a Canadian flag, one may be accused of manufacturing a demand for a Canadian flag, out of one's own narrow experience and narrower prejudices, warned that "the flag that braved a thousand years (this reckoning being a poetical inaccuracy!) the battle and the breeze" is good enough for anyone with British blood in his veins, and informed that there is not the slightest evidence available in support of the ridiculous theory that Canadians have any desire to fly a flag, other than the Union Jack of glorious traditions.

The reply is this: Whether they know what they are doing or not, Canadians have for years past been declaring themselves in no uncertain manner in favour of a Canadian flag. And their negligent governments not having supplied them with this national emblem of patriotic devotion, they have pirated the Canadian Mercantile Marine of its ensign, and put it to the nefarious task of announcing to the four winds of heaven the fact that, concerning their native land, Canadians are as human, loving, demonstrative and proud as Englishmen.

If this fact is not evident from the display of so-called Canadian flags on occasions of public rejoicing, honest men will be convinced of the truth of this contention by enquiring, as to the number of Union Jacks demanded by the public, in comparison with the demand for the Canadian flag. The earnest seeker after truth will learn that the flag dealers of Toronto estimate that the demand for the Canadian flag is anywhere from thirty-three to seventy-five per cent. of the combined demand for Union Jacks and Canadian flags.

One of the largest flag makers in Toronto, when interrogated about this interesting matter, was only too eager to vent his plaint against the ignorance of the Canadian public regarding flags. He deplored most sincerely the peculiar taste of the people (and, by the way, included the Public School Board, and the municipal authorities of Toronto) in demanding, and even inventing a Canadian flag, and by way of justification of his position, made this extraordinary remark, "I am pushing the Jack for all I am worth,—but without much success!" This state of affairs is unjust to the flag which is being pushed in, to the flag which is being pushed out, and to the unfortunate patriot who may wish to give expression to his national enthusiasm without being obliged to commit an heraldic error.

Now should there be a share of prejudice against a change of flags, on the score that any meddling with the Union Jack is an unnatural and disrespectful act of iconoclasm, let the history of flags be studied, and it will be seen that the British flag, of all flags, represents most faithfully that spirit of nationalism which will be satisfied with nothing short of a place of honour on the country's standard.

The Union Jack, or to be correct, the Union Flag, which as we know it to-day dates only from 1801, is a flaming protest against the unpatriotic prejudice, or apathy, of those who fail to demand for their own country the natural and legitimate right to fly a distinctive flag. It is true that England, Scotland and Ireland compromised and combined in the matter of flag making, but not one of these proud nations would pause to consider a suggestion to the effect that their particular part of the flag detracts from the dignity of the whole; nor would Scotsmen and Irishmen be inclined to honour the flag of Britain were the crosses which represent Scotland and Ireland omitted from its design.

It will be time enough to forgo our demand for a Canadian

flag when the maple leaf or the beaver is superimposed upon the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick.

So let it be clearly understood that Canada wants a flag of her own, and then, perhaps, when Ottawa has settled the vexed question of the Dominion coat of arms, we shall be provided with the diverting spectacle of a popular competition for the purpose of deciding the nature and design of our country's banner. Indeed one has visions of the day when the Union Jack will be hauled down amid the tears of grateful old men, and to the tune of God Save the King, to be replaced on our national flag pole by the Canadian flag, raised amid the cheers of the younger generation and the stirring strains of "O Canada!"

Yours, etc.,

HARRY BALDWIN.

Toronto, 7th July.

### The War in Literature

IN these days of emotional reaction when our questionings and misgivings extend beyond the fields of politics and science into the precincts of art, it is with an almost contemptuous protest that we recall Ruskin's solemn assurances to the young gentlemen of Woolwich upon the origin and inspiration of all great art. For, to choose only the practical ground, what is one to think of a theory or a prophecy, which, when put to the test as Ruskin's has been—a splendid test, too, if magnitude of slaughter counts for anything—seems to amount to nothing but a peculiarly noxious fallacy? Surely here is no sublime truth, only an aberration of genius—a first outburst, beautiful in its way, of that perverse, romantic nonsense that disfigured so much of the later literature of the golden Victorian age. And yet one must admit that the complete truth, even for the modern world, is not to be found in the reverse of Ruskin's theory. Tolstoy alone should be sufficient proof of that; for in *War and Peace* we have at least one modern work of the highest order that derives its inspiration from a period of war and conflict. It seems to come to this, that while we may deny as vehemently as we like that war is the sole or even the chief inspiration of art, we must still admit that war, like all poignant and terrible experiences, cannot and has not failed to work upon the imagination of men and so to produce in almost every age works of grandeur and beauty.

It does not do to forget, however, that there is one simple factor upon which the creation of a great literature of war seems almost invariably to depend. That is the factor of time. For these finer products of war have never been the products of the war spirit; and even the men of genius are rare who have not to rely on time to bring detachment. This, we may be sure, is what has been in the minds of the foremost contemporary critics when they have warned us against looking too soon for any first-rate imaginative work as a result of the experiences through which our own generation has passed. Yet sometimes one cannot help thinking that we

may have taken these warnings too literally, or, at any rate, have applied them with too little discrimination, so that while we wait for a Tolstoy who may never come, we are inclined to close our eyes to much that is admirable and enduring in what is already before us. Such books, for instance, as Mr. Herbert's *Secret Battle* and the *Field Ambulance Sketches* that appeared so unobtrusively two years ago from the pen of an anonymous lance-corporal may not be great books, indeed they make no pretence of being so, but they are books that possess, to say the least, very distinct value as sincere and, for the most part, objective accounts based on experiences that have been lived through and suffered. At least as much can be said of the *Civilisation* and *Vie des Martyrs* of Georges Duhamel, which show in addition the economy and the beauty of form that one is accustomed to look for in the best French work of this character. In somewhat the same category, though disclosing a certain lack of restraint both in the method and in the choice of subjects, is the Hungarian Andreas Latzko's *Men in War*; in fact this collection of terrible stories really perhaps comes closer, in outlook at any rate, to M. Henri Barbusse's *Le Feu* and *Clarté* than to the more serene, but none the less moving spirit of M. Duhamel's work. With both Barbusse and Latzko the reaction to experience has been so intense and so persistent that nearly all their work has about it a tinge of inverted propaganda. Apart from imaginative work there are, of course, such different but fascinating books as Sir Ian Hamilton's *Gallipoli Diary* and Sir William Orpen's entertaining account of the pleasures and vicissitudes of an official war-artist in France; while in French there is that extraordinary feat of journalism that describes with such insight and intimacy the daily life, the intrigues, and the prejudices of that fortunate portion of the French military caste (strangely familiar when one sees it so closely) that found itself at G.Q.G. during the last three years of the war.

Two recent English books will, however, serve better than any catalogue to indicate the merits and the limitations of our rapidly increasing literature of the war. Mr. Wilfrid Ewart's *Way of Revelation* is an ambitious book, broadly conceived, and, in its outlines, not without a certain fine simplicity. Unlike so many war books it is the portions that deal with the war that are incomparably the best; for this is very far from being the now too familiar instance of some competent but exhausted novelist seizing upon the war as a convenient background for his or her latest creation. When Mr. Ewart writes of the war he writes with a restraint and conviction that must, at least to some extent, be the outcome of personal contact and direct observation. But, good as they are, Mr. Ewart's descriptions of life in France never become anything more than

descriptions; for the characters, which should have welded them together, are little better than lay-figures moving almost mechanically about the vast stage the author has created for them. Of the opening and closing episodes, in which he seeks to give a picture of Mayfair before and after the war, one cannot say even as much. Indeed it is difficult to believe that here his descriptions are the result of anything more than the most superficial observation, while his characters—Gina Maryon with her black and silver drawing room and her cocaine, Sir Walter and Lady Freeman with their social ambitions and their political success, Harry Upton, poet and private secretary, rich, clever, and debased—are nothing but repulsive caricatures. Mr. Ewart's style, too, suffers in these chapters a corresponding decline; the impression one gets is that he is too anxious to impress upon his readers his familiarity with the scene he describes. Other irritating weaknesses run through the whole book, one of them a sort of muddle-headed mysticism, which, one gathers, is intended to serve as the up-to-date version of "God's in his heaven." In short, by attempting too much, Mr. Ewart has come perilously close to obscuring what he has done really well. The result is that *Way of Revelation*, far from being a great book, is not even a fine fragment.

The other book, Mr. C. E. Montague's *Disenchantment*, is neither a novel nor an autobiography. The nearest one can come to it, probably, is to say that it is a book of essays on the war inspired by personal experience. No question as to the character of the workmanship can arise here; for there are few men writing in English to-day who, even given the opportunity, could do this sort of thing as well as Mr. Montague. There are portions of this book that will repel many people, not merely the mean-spirited—they it will infuriate—but the mass of kindly, conventional, optimistic people who will be unable to see in Mr. Montague's ironic conflict with the shams and errors that thrived on the war anything but a bitter thrust at cherished idols, a needless desecration of comforting ideals. For the trouble is that Mr. Montague is an idealist too, an idealist who has been watching for years in silence the betrayal of many of the things for which he believed he and his friends were fighting. That does not tend to develop superficial geniality, and consequently Mr. Montague's book is not exactly a soothing book. But it is a very fine book, and also a remarkably interesting one. Imagine Sir Philip Gibbs's *Now It Can Be Told* written by a man with all Sir Philip Gibbs's greatness of heart, with more than his true vivid experience, and with wisdom and detachment and a mastery of English added, and you have an idea of what *Disenchantment* is. Like every true book about war this one carries with it more than a suggestion of the corruption and dis-

illusionment that accompany war. The same sense of the transitoriness and futility of human lives in conflict with the inexorable march of events that one finds in *War and Peace* hangs about it in places too. Yet in years to come it will be to a book like this rather than to the self-complaisant records of successful leaders that men will turn for proof of the real spirit that animated the British people. To-day, three years after the war, we are only beginning to emerge from that state of mind in which it is the fashion to decry everything that savours of magnanimity or chivalry. The spirit of equanimity and generosity that the rancour and meanness of politicians and journalists never quite destroyed is again making itself felt. It is the expression of this spirit, still so odious to those who do not understand it, that raises Mr. Montague's book above even the greater sardonic writings.

But after all we come back to where we started. Essays, even of the power and finish of Mr. Montague's, are not imaginative works of art. Works of art they may be, but they are so restricted by the character of their form that, if we seek to judge them by the fuller standards of imaginative literature, we must regard them as inadequate. But we can admit this much by way of consolation that, whatever standard we choose to apply to Mr. Montague's book, we find in it something that is not to be found in any of the books of the war that have so far appeared, not even in the moving stories of M. Duhamel, and that is the passionate detachment with which the great book, when it comes, will have to be written.

E. H. B.

### Poems

#### Your Green Scarf

Your green scarf blew across my breast,  
Close to my side your arm was pressed,  
Forgot were misery, sorrow, strife,  
I only remembered you—and life.

The wind blew stinging snow in my face  
As I stood on guard in a perilous place;  
But I heeded not as the wild storm flew—  
I only remembered death—and you.

#### At Camp

When under August trees I lie  
And listen to the night,  
And watch the star-shine in the lake  
Like fairy nets of light:  
When no impertinent chimney-stacks  
Blot heaven with their frown,  
There are more stars at camp, I think,  
Than in Toronto town.

And when, beneath my friendly pine,  
 I watch the moon grow old  
 And Dawn insurgent crowd the sky  
 With banners of red gold,  
 When in the flooding stream of Day  
 The pale stars faint and drown—  
 There is more truth at camp, I know,  
 Than in Toronto town.

MILLCENT PAYNE.

## The Royal Toun o' Stirling

### II

FRONTING the castle at Stirling from a small plateau almost at the summit of the crag there is a little pinnacle which for romantic reasons of its own has been named from ancient times 'The Ladies' Rock'. It commands, east, west, south, and north, a view which has but few equals in scenic, heroic, or romantic interest, for from its height of two hundred and some odd feet, at the point where the many-winding Forth swings from its easterly course south-eastward to the sea, it overlooks the wide valley from source to outlet and scans the mountains and the long hills which ring it about in a broken and irregular amphitheatre. It is the watch-tower of the countryside and, set in Scotland's very heart, it has looked down for centuries on hills and fields of which scarce a fold or an acre is not the home of some far-known tale.

One afternoon when a great wind had driven away the clinging purple mists which for many days had hidden the farther heights I climbed to this pinnacle to watch the scene for the last time before setting out for Canada. Across the table-land, and at the head of the narrow climbing streets which now cover the old approach to the castle, stands the Rude Kirk, or the East and West Churches, where two congregations worship under one roof. It, and its predecessor destroyed by fire, has been the Parish Kirk for eight centuries, and here for generations the burgh's dead have been carried up. The first to be buried outside the Kirk were laid beneath the shadow of its walls, where such of their stones as yet remain stoop to the grass, defaced of symbol and inscription. But now the whole of the little plateau is covered from wall to paling with the roofs of this second city and many bear the silent testimony 'Three Lairs'. As I wound my way among them to the Ladies' Rock I stumbled across the memorial of a disillusioned philosopher, not so long ago chief constable for Stirlingshire.

Our. life. is. but. a. winter. day:  
 some. only. breakfast. and. away:  
 Others. to. dinner. stay.  
 and. are. full. fed.

The. oldest. man. but. sups:  
 and. goes. to. bed:  
 Large. is. his. debt:  
 that. lingers. out. the. day:  
 he. that. goes. soonest:  
 has. the. least. to. pay:

And in London, the mother of quaint things, I saw this quoted to support the demand for an Epitaph Censor! Surely this is a strange age.

But even the oldest graves here, with their crumbled or completely vanished stones, are only a modern growth. In still more ancient days this silent acreage witnessed knightly sports and the games of chivalry, and, from the Ladies' Rock, maiden and dame of the court, with a more eager blood running in their veins than the romanticists deign to declare, watched the tilting at the ring and many another contest whose names even are dead. Here that 'braw gallant', the bonnie Earl of Murray, 'played at the gluve' under the Queen's eye ere Huntly laid him on the green, and many a courtier mounted the rock to receive the reward of his skill. Such things are pleasant to think of in a time filled with ugliness and commercialism, though the graves crowd the courtly sporting place and the grey ivy-covered castle looking down on it is little more than a barracks and a haunt for tourists. It was occupied when I saw it by a small detachment of the Sutherlands who strolled about with their green tartans and khaki tunics, but at one time it was the chief fortress of the kingdom.

On that afternoon, however, I had not come to look at the castle but on the fields and moors and hills. Far away in the south-east the flat crest of Arthur's Seat notched the horizon and, close to the right of it, the line of the Pentlands rose just above the shoulder of nearer hills. Between them lies Edinburgh, the well named 'Auld Reekie'. Even at this distance, half across Scotland, the sky was darkened above it though it lay unseen itself. Nearer at hand is Alloa where Queen Mary lived in retirement before her closer confinement. There is a long railway bridge there now and some days before my last view of it a German destroyer, anchored above it since the armistice, broke loose in a storm and wrecked several piers, causing no end of trouble to railway passengers. From Alloa Bridge to Stirling at my feet lay the Links of Forth shining in the westering light like a great silver chain. The river coils upon itself in great horse-shoe loops so as almost to cut off green pastures into islands. Almost, but not quite, for with one circle almost completed it swings about again to embrace another field on the farther shore.

It is a swift running tidal river where two of its curves bend in to Stirling, and from my high seat I could see it, close beneath the crag as it seemed, rippling and dimpling with speed where the Old Bridge

crosses the upper one at the north-east corner of the town. It is an old bridge indeed, for, though little used to-day, it has served the generations of five hundred years and in its time it was of vast importance to town and castle. Stirling is one of the gates of the Highlands and that the bridge should be held was a matter of prime importance in the '15 and the '45 and at earlier periods of unrest. But long before the first Stewart was a crowned king in Stirling, in the days of the devastating struggle with England, there was an older bridge which played no mean part in it. It had great possibilities for a 'wittie' commander, and Sir William Wallace decided to give open battle to the English in a nearby field to the north of the river. The bridge then was no stone affair, but

Off gud playne burd was weill and junctly maid.

Wallace had it sawn through at two points, hinged it at one cut, propped it up at the other, and disguised the new cracks with earth. When finished it was a very pretty piece of strategical engineering. On the day of battle the English sallied out from Stirling;

Ay sex thai war agayne ane off Wallace,

but he had no intention of facing them all. When as many as the Scots could handle had crossed over the bridge, Wallace blew his horn and John the Wright, lurking under the arch, heard it ringing over the turmoil of the onset. Swiftly he knocked away the props and the Earl of Warren's host fell into the swift stream. That was the end of the battle. The English who had already crossed were driven backward in disorder till

Sewyn thousand large at anys flottryt in Forth.

This was but the most successful of the deeds which Wallace performed within sight of the Ladies' Rock. At the foot of the moorland hills six miles to the west he surprised and took the Peel of Gargunnock on a dark night. He then lay hid in the great forest, the 'New Park' of the battle of Bannockburn covering the land to the south of Stirling, before he slipped across the Forth at Kincardine. Later, hard pressed and alone, with the bridge held by enemies, he swam back at the Abbey of Cambuskenneth, a mile or so due east of the Castle Rock, to find shelter southward in the Torwood. And at last, when his struggle for national freedom was nearing a close, he gathered enough men to attempt one more open fight, and, on the bleak Sheriff Muir, which peers over the gaunt hills from the north-east, and whence he had planned the Battle of Stirling Bridge, he himself was broken and put to rout.

The deeds of Wallace about Stirling, however, are overshadowed by those of the less noble Bruce. From south to east lies the field of Bannockburn flat and open, and the long wooded hummock of the Gillies' Hill below which Bruce's camp followers hid is in full view a little to the west. If one forget the

guide book plans of the battle and follow only the descriptions of writers of the time, it is easy to see at what a hopeless disadvantage the English were placed. The ground falls away from the town in wide 'terraces' to the low lying carse land and here on the second day the invaders had drawn up their forces with the marsh-bordered Bannock at their backs and the Forth, deeper and more sullen than at Stirling Bridge, hemming in their right flank. Bruce, holding the first ridge from St. Ninians northward toward Stirling could charge at will or retreat into the New Forest at his back. The English garrison, peering from the castle walls and from the pinnacle which was my seat, must have been an anxious company as they watched this rash disposition. On the day before, they had seen the great host marching down from Falkirk,

Where scheldis schynand war so scheyne,  
And basnetis weill burnyst bricht,  
That gaf agayne the sonne gret light.  
Thai saw so fele browdyn baneris,  
Standartis, pennownys and speris,  
And so feill knychtis apon stedis,  
All flawamand in-to thair wedis,  
And so fele battalis and so braid,  
That tuk so gret rowme as thai raid,

that they might well have thought with scorn on Bruce's paltry and ill armed companies. But now Edward seemed bent on throwing away his advantages and before nightfall they watched his army driven backward in disorder, southward into the hollow of the stream and eastward into the Forth, as an earlier garrison had seen their friends driven by Wallace into the river close beneath them. Edward himself managed to outflank the Scots and that evening dashed up to the great gate of the castle just across from the little cemetery where I sat. Some say that the English warden, in fear, would not admit him, but at any rate, after a short parley, he rode away out of sight down the steep approach to reappear around the base of the crag galloping westward down the road to Dunbarton.

This road vanishes at the foot of the Gargunnock Hills and looking down it one can again see the Forth, after its winding circuit to the north of the crag, bend away to its source below the mountains of Loch Lomond. The loch itself is hidden behind their shoulders, but Ben Lomond, a great purple cone, looks across to Stirling over twenty miles of level valley. It is the first of the great highland hills that range the horizon from west to north—Ben Lomond, Ben Ime, Ben Venue, the pass of the Trossachs, Ben Ledi, Ben More, Stuc-a-chroin, Ben Vorlich and Ben Chonzie, a string of names that call up a thousand associations. Here is the country of *The Lady of the Lake* and of that turbulent life of the Highlands of which the poem is but a conventionally romantic picture. Rob Roy Macgregor had a hold near the foot of Ben Lomond and the Mac-

farlanes held the mountains across the loch, from whence they could fall upon the rich cattle grazing pastures of the Forth. When 'Ye'll tak the high road' was written, the moon was facetiously known as Macfarlane's Lantern and to hear their pipe-tune, 'We come through snow-drift to drive the prey', was an omen of calamity for the lowlands. The pipes seldom sound in the hills now except for the passing brakes of tourists, but their crying in peace and feud rang through them for centuries till in 1715 and again in 1745 they called the gathering for concerted war against the Sassenach.

The effort of 1715 was broken close to Stirling, on the Sheriff Muir where Wallace was defeated four hundred years earlier, but in 1745 the Highlanders swept far into England before they met defeat. The military commander at Stirling, feeling himself in the position of a perilous frontier outpost, partially destroyed the Old Bridge for his better security, but though Doune Castle was held by Macgregors, Macdonalds, and Stewarts, and though Prince Charles slept at Dunblane some five miles away, the castle was neither attacked nor besieged with any vigour. The town, indeed, and the graveyard on the crag were occupied, but even after the victory at nearby Falkirk in 1746 the Chevalier made no attempt to regain this favourite dwelling of his fathers, and after the victory the Highlanders contented themselves with ringing the bells in the Rude Kirk tower. The Jacobites passed northward again into the hills and Cumberland, hasting in pursuit, stayed in Stirling only till the bridge could be mended.

With Prince Charlie passed the last national movement from Stirling, but there is left untold a bookful of song and tradition that excite the fancy of the stranger and the affection of the indweller. Over to the north is the home of 'Jessie, the flower of Dunblane', and nearer still, on Allan Water, the mill where the soldier wooed the miller's daughter as every singer knows. Doune Castle, the home of the bonnie Earl of Murray, I have mentioned before and over the Forth is Dunfermline where the King sat

Drinking the blude red wine

when he called for good Sir Patrik Spens. There is, besides, the little village of Kippen which prompted some unknown giber to begin the saying 'Out of the world and into Kippen', while Falkirk, the scene of two battles, has been made further immortal by 'Better meddle wi' the deil than the bairns of Fa'kirk'. To the south, beyond the village of Bannockburn, is the Field of Stirling or Sauchieburn where James III was defeated by his nobles; in the village itself, is Beaton's Mill where he was murdered in flight; and to the east lie the ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey, spoiled time on time by the raiding English, where his tomb lies naked to the skies.

But, older than all these, there are the nearly obliterated remains of Roman troops. Looking past

the west side of the castle from where I sat I could see a farm-stead by the river bank, and here is the Kildean Ford and the remains of a Roman road. I could not see the water dimple from the pinnacle, but I knew very well that there was a rocky shallow there; for late one night, after a ramble in the deepening twilight, I had found myself cut off from the town by the Forth, dark and swollen from the rains. To the bridge was a long way round, so I set about looking for a shallow crossing. Ten minutes of tramping and I caught the flash of broken water in the faint light. But my hopes were soon dashed, for the river poured over the stones in a turbulent flood. After carefully reconnoitring, as one does before setting one's canoe to a rapid, I took the long way about home, but if I had known then that Agricola's legions had taken to the water there, Forth might have claimed one more foreign intruder.

I sat long that afternoon till, the sun going down at the back of Ben Lomond, the hills grew dark and the silver vanished from the links of water. Darkness comes at a late hour there in summer and I began to think of the fresh herrings and the miraculous array of tea-cakes to be found in the town. Leaving the cemetery I passed Mar's Lodging, built by the Earl of that name with stones brought from the ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey below. It must have been a proud lodging before ruin overtook it, and, to judge from the disappearing inscriptions over its three doors, seems to have evoked popular criticism. The one on the kirk-yard side reads

ESPY. SPEIK. FURTH. AND. SPAIR. NOTHT  
CONSIDER. VEIL. I. CAIR. NOTHT.

Those over the doors looking down Broad Street to the wide place and the ancient town cross are,

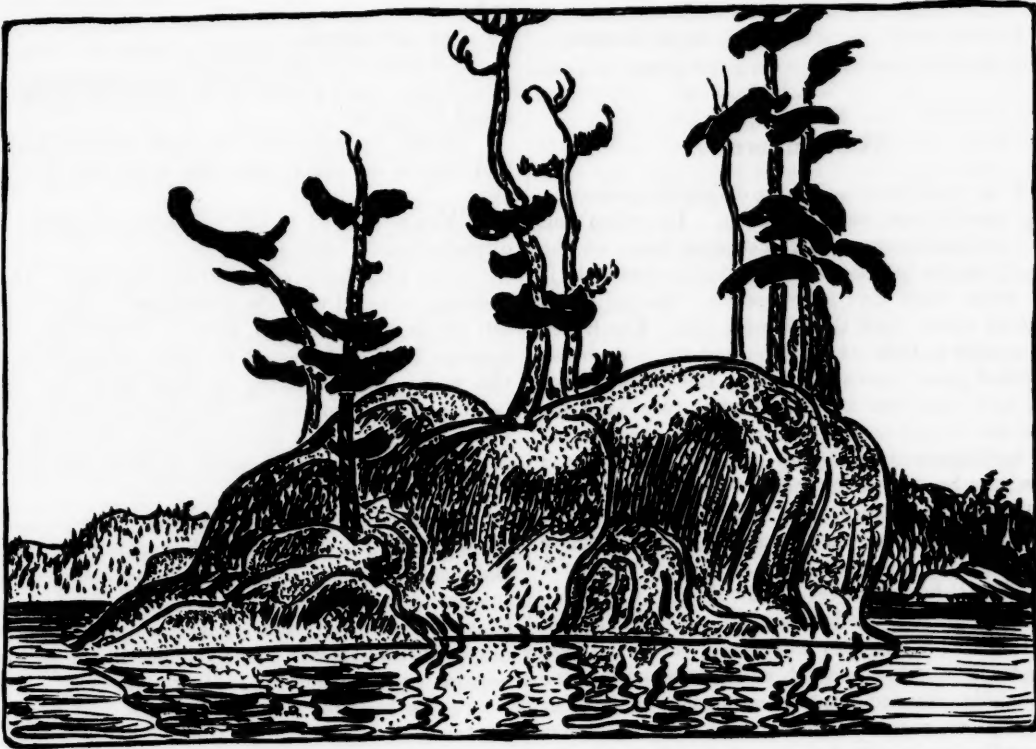
I. PRAY. AL. LVIKARS. ON. THIS. LVGING  
VITH. GENTIL. E. TO. GIF. THAIR. JVGING.

and

THE MOIR. I. STAND. ON. OPPIN. HITHT  
MY. FAULTIS. MOIR. SVBJECT. AR. TO SITHT.

A strange mixture of the haughty and the deprecating. The house later came into the hands of the house of Argyle (to whom the first couplet has always been remarkably suitable), while the first line of it has been carved below a figure of Wallace on the new Town Hall and stands a motto for all Scots.

I tramped down the steep roadway between the crowded closes where the wives of miners, and others of no repute, slatternly and stooped with toil and vice, gossiped and quarrelled shrilly while the ragged children squatted and scrambled in the gutters. Here not only Argyle and Mar but many more of high renown once took their lordly ways and builded them magnificent houses. Some are still in use, crowded with a new generation bred in poverty and hardship. Such a scene as this can put one out of conceit with the relics of feudal grandeur and I



AN ISLAND IN TYSON LAKE  
BY  
A. Y. JACKSON

dropped into the main street with an old song ringing in my head.

Out over the Forth I look'd to the north,  
But what is the north or its Hielands to me?  
The south nor the east bring nae ease to my breast,  
The wild rocky mountains, or dark rolling sea.  
But I look to the west, when I go to my rest,  
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be.

H. K. GORDON

### The Quarrel

**B**Y the time they reached the old eighth concession road it had begun to snow. The wind had whipped savagely against their faces all the way across the brown, broken fields, but suddenly it was white with tiny arrow-points, descending in diagonal sheets from the lowering sky. The frozen ruts caught at their unwary feet and the underbrush stretched gaunt hands for them. But this was what they had come for—a brisk country walk—and the snow was a gratuitous pleasure. Una crowded her stiff hands further into her sweater pockets, and tried to imitate her young husband's vigorous stride. He was advancing blithely upon the flying lances of the snow, his gun under his arm and his eyes searching the brush.

'Cold?' he flung over his shoulder.

'No,' she managed, in a gasp. By keeping her head down and her eyes half closed, she found that she could watch the road without becoming too intolerably blinded and breathless. Under her stinging lids, she could see only the hard, whitening ruts, glimpses of the brown underbrush beside the road, and the sturdy figure of the man before her. Her glance avoided his gun with its unpleasant potentialities.

The wind shifted a little after a while, and they moved with less difficulty. On one side of the road the trees had given way to an indistinct vista of low boggy ground, over which the tamaracks spread their vivid summer greenness. They looked very young and gallant—glowing so fresh in the snow and the bitter wind. Una devoured their shining loveliness through the shifting veils of snow.

'Look there!' Peter had stopped short and was pointing to something across the road. His tone was hushed with tense excitement. Una looked. On a low branch, close against the tree trunk, perched a little owl, motionless—a soft morsel of pale feathers.

'See it?' His eager voice had a note of triumph that warned her just in time.

'You wouldn't shoot it!' she cried. The gun was at his shoulder.

'Hush, not so loud,' he whispered.

'Oh, the poor little thing! Don't! Don't!' She caught his arm and at the same instant the

report tore the stillness and shuddered in the air for a moment, before the silence of the wind and snow flowed back again to cover the wound.

'Hit it!' he cried joyfully, plunging into the brush to retrieve his prize. She waited in a stubborn silence while he found the bird and brought it back to her.

'See,' he coaxed.

She turned her back on him.

'I don't want to look at it. Poor little thing! I asked you not to.'

He put the soft limp little body into his pocket and started on again, searching more eagerly than ever.

'You're allowed to kill 'em, same as hawks,' he offered casually, after a moment.

'Not such baby ones. It was so tiny.' Tears suddenly mingled with the snowflakes on her cheeks, but she kept doggedly on, with her head down. The helpless little owl seemed the most tragic figure in the world—and following so close upon the keen beauty of the tamaracks. He must be cruel underneath; she had never imagined that. For how else could he have overridden her in so simple and vital a matter.

The wind shifted fitfully among the trees, sometimes driving the snow almost horizontally before it, and again twisting it into fantastic columns and spirals. A branch broke sharply under Peter's heavy boot. Una started, and glanced up at him resentfully. He had spoiled a perfectly good walk with his horrible gun, she thought. How *could* he!

'Let's look for some cranberries just for fun. It's late, but we might find a few.' He turned toward her, indicating the tamarack swamp.

She looked past him along the snowy road without answering. He hadn't tried to please her about the little owl, so why should he consult her now? He had plunged into the underbrush already. At the rail fence he turned to help her across, but she moved away and clambered over unaided.

The ground in the swamp was soft and wet in spite of the cold. Their shoes made a squelching sound in the rank grass. Peter hunted cranberries diligently, but Una walked moodily among the tamaracks. Their first quarrel—and the first snow. It was symbolic. And she had been foolish enough to imagine that perhaps they need never quarrel at all. But if they had begun already, and found material for disagreement in the course of a simple country ramble, what might not the future hold for them? Standing disconsolately alone in the stinging snow, she remembered all the bickering couples she had ever known. Peter did not care, he liked to hurt her, and he probably didn't mind quarrelling.

He emerged from the trees, beckoning, and they returned to the road.

'Cold?' he asked. She did not answer.

'Too late for cranberries,' he remarked carelessly, springing over a log. She followed him, staring darkly at the uneven ground. After a quarrel things could never be the same again—quite. She had read that somewhere. It would be unbearable to have any cloud on their great happiness. They had started out so gaily, only an hour or so before, and already they had quarrelled and things would be different. If only he hadn't brought the gun. If only he hadn't seen the little owl.

Their numbed feet thudded on the stony road like inanimate objects. Instead of blowing steadily at their backs, as would have been reasonable, the wind came with frantic rushes, like an eager dog, from this side and that, with its piercing sprays of snow. The way back was interminably long. When they left the road, Una stumbled continually over the dark hummocks of the fields, but was careful to avoid Peter's assisting hand. In the low gray sky, the wind sang a shrill minor air, pressing down the tops of the pines with its invisible feet. The frozen weeds along the fence shivered and bowed stiffly. The world was winter and despair. In Una's heart the sad cadence of the wind ran like a cold stream bearing distant snows. What was to follow now that winter had overtaken the full season of their joy? It would be better perhaps to end it quickly than to let their summer languish with the wind and snow into the darkness of decay. Una thought, with a dreary half-smile, that the little owl might very easily have chosen a tree farther from the road.

The farmhouse came in sight through the orchard trees and Peter plunged ahead. Aunt Marty opened the kitchen door for them, a red shawl thrown over her head. Una dreaded, for a moment, to go in and let her see what had happened, but even at the thought she was inside and fumbling with stiff, aching fingers at her sweater buttons. Peter perched on a stool close to the kitchen stove and began an account of the walk, to which Aunt Marty listened eagerly. Una remembered that he was her favourite nephew. She had gone into the dining room, and stood rubbing her hands together and listening, too, to his gay voice. He didn't care.

'Una,' called Aunt Marty, 'Come out here to the fire this minute. You must be frozen.'

'I'm all right,' Una returned faintly.

'Come on, Una,' Peter said. Una stiffened. It was all very well for him to pretend, but she wasn't going to.

Peter came from the kitchen and put his arm around her.

'What's the matter, dear? Pretty cold? Come on out where it's warm.'

When he had established her in a chair close to the oven door, which emitted a wholly enticing fragrance, he pulled off her overshoes and brought her a cup of the tea Aunt Marty had ready for them.

He rubbed her hands, which were too stiff to hold the spoon, till the blood came tingling back. He was his old tender, considerate self—Peter. Had he forgotten?

'You and Johnny must have cleaned out the cranberry swamp pretty well in the fall,' he was saying. 'But see what we got.' He drew out the little owl slowly with a small boy's triumphant pride.

'Hit it right under the wing. Una grabbed my arm and nearly made me miss it, but I was too quick, wasn't I?' He laughed.

'Poor little thing; it's so soft,' crooned Aunt Marty over the ball of feathers in Peter's hand. His other arm tightened around Una's shoulders. The warmth made her eyes heavy and filled her tired body with a great content. The spitting of the snow against the window pane sounded dreamy and far away. Peter held the little owl for her to see. Hadn't he known—?

'It's a pretty colour,' she said.

MARY Q. INNIS.

### In Art There Is No Nationality

IN a shop on Yonge Street that sells skates and sweaters, upstairs in the toy department, between jig-saw puzzles and Halma games, stands a dusty glass case. It must be dusty, because what it contains has not been asked for since the year 1914 at least!

"German," whispers the shop girl apologetically. "German!" We echo stupidly as we gaze at six little enemy aliens, six dolls of such originality that the smug-faced beauties in the next case are immediately forgotten.

There is a little milk-maid with her pails hung from a wooden yoke on her shoulders, flaxen plaits hang over her pretty dress, her face is wonderfully modelled and painted, a chubby peasant child, a captivating Gretchen with wooden shoes.

Next her, tumbling sideways with an unwanted air, is a little country man, a sort of mountain gnome. The kind of fellow we would undoubtedly have met in that walking trip through the Black Forest we were due to make before the Great Catastrophe! Hansel and Gretel and the Witch in the Gingerbread House were his neighbours in that far-off Forest, or he watched with his fellow gnomes round the glass tomb of innocent Snow-White.

This tall black figure strikes a different note! He is the finest of the whole collection, a melancholy Pierrot! His face is chiselled to the life, full of longing and intelligence. Where is little Pierrette? Perhaps she was a Frenchwoman and he lost her in the war!

His little mandolin with the painted flowers on it hangs by a green ribbon from his neck, it is the

only colour on his Carnival costume of black and white satin.

His hands are long and flexible, he stands a man of temperament and Art!

He is the most haunting of little figures! All that was lovely in those countries, music and happy students, Heidelberg, the Rhine on moonlight nights, he knows them gone for ever. Lonely and forgotten, the race of minstrel-singers has vanished in an age of efficiency, he is a man without a country!

We linger so long before the little exiles that the girl begins to suspect our nationality! This will never do! Distractedly we buy a Halma board and depart by the self-working elevator to Yonge Street, which seems uglier than usual this morning.

The Black Forest and the students' café in Heidelberg vanish like a dream. We proceed to work in the world in which we find ourselves. After all "an organism is intelligent in proportion as it adapts itself to its environment," and what place have minstrel-singers and gnomes in Yonge Street?

MARGUERITE STRATHY.

### Literary Competitions

*We offer a prize of five dollars for the best MEDITATION ON SPRING in prose. The essay should not exceed 500 words.*

The prize is awarded to K. H. Broadus, University of Alberta, Edmonton, for the following essay:

#### Spring On The Saskatchewan

White snow turns gray; along the street it is full of the drifted soot and dust of seven months. Beyond the town the river banks have shed their winter covers, and the face of the still frozen clay is lined and wrinkled. These clay banks have looked old and tired for many springs: theirs is a perpetual age—for it had no beginning in the memory of man—a harsh crabbed age that laughs sourly at the seasons. They have no friends, for even the trees shun them, and the moss curls back from their edges. The water is the most active enemy of the old clay banks—but it is slow, insidious, and, for seven months of the year, powerless.

At last the river ice shows crack and honey-combed places and pools shining in the wet spring sunlight. The snow is almost gone; but here and there under the willows some shrinking splash of white still lingers. The river has not yet broken, for the ice loves the sinuous curves of the brown water, and will not go. But even the ice, thick and strong as it was a month ago, is at last ready to break. One day you sit and watch a long crack in the gray surface; you hear a rustle in the grass behind you and turn to see what made it; in a moment you look again at the crack—and it has widened!

Slowly, with a dimpling of brown water astern, the central ice moves in one solid mass for a few yards, till it grounds splintering on the curve below. Throughout the afternoon there are false starts and stoppages—starts that seem prepared to carry away the solid banks themselves—stoppages that are hopelessly futile. But a day later the solid masses have broken; ice cakes jostle each other on their way, and the rising water licks hungrily at everything in reach.

It is a time of change and expectancy. Each morning holds a thousand surprises, little in themselves, but massing into one great feeling of astonishment and delight. But there is an undercurrent of unfulfilment, almost of dissatisfaction. The air, moist with melted drifts, fills one with vague trouble. There is still something incomplete.

The days drag slowly on, with winds and a shower or two that swell the buds monstrously. But in the end the change is swift beyond belief. One day sees the poplars but a very little darker than before—the next morning every leaf shows a clear green in the early sun, and a robin shouts from a fence-post.

KEMPER HAMMOND BROADUS.

### Our Bookshelf Criticism

*The Problem of Style*, by J. Middleton Murry (S. B. Gundy, Toronto).

Middleton Murry commences by disengaging from the loose usage of the word, "style," three fairly distinct meanings most generally given to it: Style, as personal idiosyncrasy; Style, as the technique of exposition; Style, as the highest achievement of literature.

The first meaning he dismisses peremptorily—"as though it were really a literary merit for an author to be recognizable at all times and all places in his work." (Cf. Paragraph 4). The second meaning is hardly less summarily treated—"if the notion that to be vivid is to be vulgar is the heresy of the superior person; the heresy of the man in the street, and of not a few men who profess to live several stories above it, is that style is fine writing, a miserable procession of knock-kneed, broken-winded metaphors with a cruel cartload of ponderous polysyllables dragging behind them." Style, in the third, and true, sense consists neither in mere idiosyncrasy, nor in the artificial rejection or use of ornament, but in an individual use of language born of genuine individual feeling.

The next step is to show that the difference between the greater artist and the lesser is one of range of feeling: "Objects and episodes in life,

## SOME WORTH WHILE SUMMER READING

### St. John Ervine—*The Ship* ..... \$1.40

A poignant, finely drawn drama of the tragic conflict between father and son: the one old, strong-willed, and proud, who longs to bequeath to his son his love and dreams of ship-building; the other, young, eager and idealistic, with quite different ideas.

Louis Hemon, W. H. Blake translator

### Maria Chapdelaine ..... \$3.00

This is a new collector's edition of this, Canada's greatest contribution to the world's prose literature. It is a beautiful book bound in grey velvet calf, suitably boxed, ideal for gift purposes.

### May Sinclair—*The New Idealism* ..... \$3.50

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A book full of real people in irresistibly funny situations. One of the cleanest bits of fun that has been offered in a long time. A smiling success.

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This is a delightful story by the translator of Maria Chapdelaine. It is based on the author's fishing expeditions in the Murray Bay district. A very entertaining, refreshing and seasonable book, particularly for the lover of out-of-doors.

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To those who wish to know the real situation in Russia, this book by Prof. Miliukov can be safely recommended. It gives a most complete and informing view of Russian affairs at the present time, with authoritative predictions for the future.

### Thos. Hardy—*Late Lyrics and Earlier* ..... \$4.25

Mr. Hardy is generally acknowledged to be the greatest of our modern writers and some of his best work is to be found in this volume of Poems, hitherto unpublished, which is the culmination and crown of a series of volumes of verse published by him. This is a book which will be thoroughly appreciated by all seekers for the modern note of verse.

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## OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS BULLETIN

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whether the life of every day or of the mind, produce upon him (the artist) a deeper and more precise impression than they do upon the ordinary man. As these impressions accumulate, unless the artist is one of the most simple, lyrical type, who reacts directly and completely to each separate impression, they to some extent obliterate and to a greater extent reinforce each other. From them all emerges, at least in the case of an artist destined to mature achievement, a coherent emotional nucleus. . . . However much he may think, his attitude to life is predominantly emotional. . . . A tragic poet is not a pessimistic philosopher . . . if he were, he would have written a pessimistic philosophy."

From this it follows that the "objectivity" of the great artist lies in his surpassing the simple lyric reaction, and creating a world of his own, which, however, *is his*, the subjective element appearing in its general *under-tone*, the artist's "mode of experience."

On the question of poetry and prose, Middleton Murry concludes that, where thought predominates, there the expression will be in prose; where emotion predominates, the expression will be indifferently in prose or poetry, except that in the case of overwhelming personal emotion the tendency is to find expression in poetry. This may be, but poets have usually used poetry, though he is right in saying that the reference of Hardy to Shakespeare is preferable to the reference of Hardy to Meredith.

Finally we come to the general question of the communication of emotion (or his "mode of experience") by the artist to his audience. That communication must be precise. This precision, however, is not to be attained through merely exact visualisation, or through merely hypnotic rhythm, but through the right understanding of metaphor, *images*. A true image is never used for its own sake, but always reinforces the appropriate emotion. Citing John Clare's "Frail brother of the morn." Middleton Murry continues: "Only a man who loved the snail could possibly have such a delicate knowledge of it. Thus, quite simply, the cause of the emotion becomes the symbol. There we have, in the simplest lyricism, the achievement of perfect style. In a greater poet that simple perception, that emotion and its symbol, would be an item in his store of perceptions; stored up, waiting its time to be employed in the crystallisation of some more comprehensive and recondite perception, to be used as the young Shakespeare used it, and compel us to feel the shrinking of Venus' eyes at the sight of the murdered Adonis."

In a brief review, chiefly concerned to represent the book, this last quotation must suffice to indicate its peculiar merit, apt illustrations. It is heavily indebted to Croce; but its illustrations, its greater particularity (greater than in Croce's own applica-

tions of his "Aesthetic" to Shakespeare and Dante) give it a value of its own. The criticism of Shakespeare is especially fine.

A. G.

*John Masefield, a Critical Study*, by W. H. Hamilton (George Allen and Unwin).

First books of criticism on a contemporary author are always interesting, quite apart from their actual merits, and few of those who have followed Mr. Masefield's exciting literary career, however hardened they may be against current criticism, will be able to repress a certain curiosity in themselves as to what this pioneer volume manages to say.

On individual works it says less than many of the original reviews; for searching analysis and incisive judgment we prefer in many instances to go back to these. But Mr. Hamilton has done a different thing which in the case of John Masefield, a writer of popular as well as academic appeal, was well worth doing. He has taken the poet in the spirit in which most readers take him - a spirit of enthusiastic, and unashamedly personal, likes and dislikes. He travels with genuine gusto through the long succession of plays, poems, novels, etc., approves and condemns with conversational unreserve and ends by writing a somewhat better book than appears at first sight. It is not a book of permanent value but it will serve an immediate useful purpose, which is more than can be said of all books.

Mr. Hamilton's first choice is *The Everlasting Mercy* and his other favourites are *The Faithful*, *Philip the King*, *Dauber*, *Reynard the Fox*, *Gallipoli*. He defends *Nan* against its critics, but has clearly been shaken by them. Perhaps too he underestimates *Pompey* and overestimates *King Cole*. But he writes as one with whom it is refreshing to argue and this virtue atones for much that is carelessly considered.

B. F.

### Poetry

*Poems of To-day, Second Series* (published for the English Association by Sidgwick and Jackson).

The first volume in this series appeared early in the war, just late enough to include a couple of the war-sonnets of Rupert Brooke and Laurence Binyon's "To the Fallen." With the exception of these and one or two other poems it was, in spirit, a "pre-war" volume. It gradually established itself as the best anthology of modern poetry for young people and 150,000 copies of it have been issued.

Its successor is disappointing. In the first place, the general standard is distinctly lower; numbers 34, 74, 85, 108, for example, could hardly find a place in the first volume. English poetry may have de-

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clined somewhat since 1915, but the decline in the two anthologies is beyond question. If it is a matter of policy, one may doubt the soundness of a policy of progressing downwards.

Furthermore, it does not appear that this new anthology has been compiled with the impartiality of its predecessor. About one-fifth of the volume is devoted to poems echoing the war, including Grenfell's "Into Battle" and A. E. Housman's "Epitaph". But there are striking omissions. Not a single war-poem by Siegfried Sassoon, Wilfrid Owen, or Charles Sorley is printed. Thomas Hardy's "Song of the Soldiers" appears and his still finer "In Time of the Breaking of Nations" is excluded. Such omissions can only be deliberate; it is not love of English literature that has dictated them. A certain caution is necessary in selecting poetry for the young, but one would expect the anthologist of to-day to have learned at least something from the bitter experience of recent years. One would expect him to distrust the old-fashioned bias and to print Sassoon and Grenfell, the horror of battle and the joy of battle, side by side, taking his cue from English literature and not from Westminster. The only way to do justice to a literature is to have complete confidence in it and to follow whither it leads.

It goes without saying that there are fine poems in this collection and that it will probably share some of the success of its forerunner. There are strange absences (W. H. Davies, F. Brett Young, J. C. Squire), and some misprints ("We'll see" for "We well see" on p. 33; "seamen" for "seaman" on p. 136).

B. F.

### Fiction

*Mr. Prohack*, by Arnold Bennett (George H. Doran Company).

Mr. Prohack, as his name implies, belonged to the black-coated proletariat. So many readers of *THE CANADIAN FORUM* belong to the same class, that there is no need to dwell on the plight in which he found himself after the war. Briefly, he found it hard to make both ends meet—having rashly given hostages to fortune, in the persons of his wife, Eve Prohack, and Charles and Cissie, their very modern children. Mr. Prohack was a blameless official at the Treasury. Daily he walked across the parks to Whitehall, where he is said to have terrified the spending departments. (His official life, with all due deference to his creator, would have been a little more convincing if the ministries in question had spent a little less. The writer takes liberties with history). At home, Mr. Prohack's authority was less secure. Mr. Bennett conceives him, in short, as any nice professional man in the forties. His case commends itself naturally to the *intelligentsia* everywhere—to the great class which is ground in wartime be-

tween the upper and the nether millstones and (to complete the definition) in a revolution is always the first to be hung. Mr. Prohack is one of themselves.

Into this ordered life came a legacy. Mr. Prohack had cast his bread upon the waters—to the tune of a casual £100—and returning after many days it brought forth a thousandfold. He grew rich in the twinkling of an eye.

At this great crisis, Mr. Bennett is entirely master of the situation. He catches the reader—so to speak—both coming and going. Does he feel jealous of this new-found wealth? He will read all the faster, just to find out how the fellow lost it. Does the thought "What would not I do in his shoes!" make him revel in imagination? Mr. Bennett blandly leads him to the purchase of socks and suits and secretaries, of bric-a-brac and rich men's ailments, of a car and a house he does not want, a necklace of pearls to deck his wife, and half-a-factory to give him occupation. When Mr. Prohack coolly puts four-fifths of his fortune in oil-stock, others who have looked for truth at the bottom of the same wells (and found it not) prepare for the coming liquidation with "I told you so!" And when he sells the stock for "just under a quarter of a million pounds, my boy," his pleasure is amazingly contagious.

Those who have climbed from poverty to riches—if any such should come across this page—will read the tale of Mr. Prohack for remembrance. The rest of us, whose suspicion that we never shall be rich is in the main well-founded, will enjoy his story just as much. For an evening at least we shall all of us be millionaires. It is a wonderful sensation.

G. E. J.

### Exploration

*My Discovery of England*, by Stephen Leacock (Gundy; \$1.50).

The reader who is about to embark on a new book by Stephen Leacock knows beforehand that he will enjoy a hearty laugh, and he can almost see the author himself chuckling as he writes. Indeed Mr. Leacock's good spirits are peculiarly infectious, and he has an unerring touch in noting our little foibles and weaknesses. The newspaper reporter whose first question is invariably "What is your impression of our town?", the solemn motor ride in which the distinguished visitor is taken to inspect the municipal abattoir and the sewage disposal plant, the tedious convention of the funny story in dinner speeches—these are some of the things which he misses in his peregrinations through England. On the other hand there is the surly British Customs Official who refuses to open the author's trunk: "Do open it," he vainly pleads, "and see my pyjamas," but the officer is inexorable.

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Mr. Leacock did not see everything there was to be seen in England: the Tower of London, "where Queen Victoria was imprisoned for many years," resisted all his endeavours: but he did catch a glimpse of St. Paul's Cathedral, "an enormous church with a round dome on the top strongly suggesting the First Church of Christ (Scientist) on Euclid Avenue, Cleveland."

There is much shrewd commonsense mingled with the fun in his chapter on Oxford. An old-fashioned university in which it is impossible to combine courses on Salesmanship and Religion can scarcely be compared to our more progressive institutions, but in spite of all handicaps the Oxford student does contrive to learn something. "I gather," says Mr. Leacock, "that what an Oxford tutor does is to get a little group of students together and smoke at them. Men who have been systematically smoked at for four years turn into ripe scholars." Many weary professors will welcome his remarks on co-education.

The chapter on English and American humour too is interesting and suggestive. The author's own humour has not indeed the subtle literary flavour which one associates with Kenneth Grahame, E. V. Lucas, Max Beerbohm, and Aldous Huxley, a brand that one will sip slowly and turn over on one's tongue again and again. Mr. Leacock's humour is of the broader Mark Twain variety. But one may swallow it in gulps and enjoy every mouthful: for it is a vigorous, healthy, and cheerful diet.

W.D.W.

### Reference

*Readers' Digest of Books*, by Helen Rex Keller (Macmillan; \$5.50).

Some good souls (Early Victorian) have been distressed of recent years by the apparent decline in the reading of the classics of our literature. Their assumption of the fact of this decline has been based on booksellers' sales of Shakespeare (other than prescribed school texts), and Milton, and also on the Public Library reports, which would indicate that Harold Bell Wright is much more widely read than Bacon. As a matter of fact, their fears are groundless. These good souls are probably unaware that readers are now probably reading their Tasso in the tablet form offered in this volume. The publishers, however, do not seem to appreciate the real value of the book, the peculiar social value of it. Their manifesto on the jacket intimates that it "meets a long-felt want on the part of authors, scenario writers, and general readers who desire easy reference to the great masterpieces of fiction." Its value to authors we leave for authors to decide. (It should be a useful substitute for the telephone book, however, in supplying them with archaic

names of characters for their historical or foreign romances.) Scenario writers should indeed find the book a veritable mine. Most histories of literature, if they tell the plot at all, clutter it up with a deal of lumber about the style of the author, and his relative position somewhere. This book rarely goes beyond acclaiming the book as "well-known," "famous," or "epoch-making." Having read this phrase, one dashes immediately into the plot, and for scenario writers one would say the plot was the thing. But the term "general readers" is misleading and poor advertising. This book is really meant for the busy man who has not time for recent fiction and no taste for ancient tales. Such an one is lost when calling Sunday afternoon on the De Jones family. But, fortified with this book, "summarizing concisely and with excellent taste the plots of over four hundred of the world's best novels," including the "Novum Organum," "The Foundations of Belief," "The Winning of Barbara Worth," "Creative Evolution," Saintsbury's "History of French Literature," and other thrillers, he can rest assured of being able to overawe the most recent graduate.

R.

### Geography

*The Province of Quebec—Geographical and Social Studies*, by J. C. Sutherland (Renouf Publishing Co., Montreal; \$1.25).

"Though chiefly written for the general reader, this book can fairly claim to be a pioneering work in one essential way, because it is the first which has made any connected attempt to describe a Canadian province in accordance with the scientific principles of modern regional geography." Those readers who have suffered under the geographies of our schools will be prepared to turn a sympathetic eye on such pioneering as this paragraph from the Introduction claims. It is to be hoped that the volume will attain a sufficiently wide circulation to encourage the extension of this type of book. A series of provincial studies on more or less similar lines, should prove of great educational value and interest. The new emphasis in geography is evidenced in the proportion of the book devoted to the physical features and physical history of the province. Almost half the volume is devoted to these aspects of the subject. The first five chapters contain a fascinating introduction to the whole subject of physical geography and achieve, in an amazingly small compass, a thoroughly satisfactory clarity of presentation. It must be admitted that Eastern Canada furnishes an exceptionally romantic field in the history of her rocks and her wealth of great Ice Age results, but the subject could be made of equal interest for any province of the Dominion. This physical history is followed through in its

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effect on human settlement in the valuable chapter on the "Economic Geography of the Province." The chapters on "Civil Government" and the "Educational System" will have additional interest and value from the fact that the author is the Inspector General of the Protestant Schools of the province. Much valuable information is packed into these two chapters. The concluding chapter on "Geography and Human Culture" is really a pointing of the moral which the rest of the book has made surely very clear. It is no disparagement of its interest to the general reader to say that it should have extensive usefulness as supplementary reading in other provinces than Quebec.

R.



### Short Notices

*Towards a New Social Order*, by A. Schvan (Allen and Unwin).

Some of the builders of the New Jerusalem have served a better apprenticeship than others. Mr. Schvan's slapdash economics suggest that his own has been quite incomplete. The book is pleasantly written, but will appeal more strongly to the "practical" man, reinforcing his distrust of all social reformers, than to the constructive socialist or radical with work to do.

*Two Dead Men*, by Jens Anker (Macmillan; \$1.75).

A detective story translated from the Danish. The story loses much in the translation, which is curiously lacking in warmth. The plot is ingeniously worked out, but a shrewd reader may guess the solution from the outset. The book cannot be compared with the detective romances of J. S. Fletcher, which are published in the same series.

*America Faces the Future*, by Durant Drake (Macmillan; \$2.75).

Professor Drake recalls to Americans, especially young Americans, the progressive ideals which he thinks animated American politics a decade ago, but which are now in danger of being forgotten. A series of political sermons, by a good and serious preacher.

*Japanese-American Relations*, by the Hon. Iichiro Tokutomi (Macmillan; \$1.65).

The most valuable of the many books written on this subject because it is written by a leading

Japanese publicist for Japanese readers. It increases immeasurably one's sense of the gravity of the situation.

*The Study of American History*, by Viscount Bryce (Macmillan).

A published lecture, delivered a little over a year ago by the late Lord Bryce at the Mansion House. It deals in outline with the "Revolutionary and Civil Wars, the constitutional powers of the President and Senate, the influence of immigration upon the American character, and the American achievement of personal liberty."

*The Wayfarer*, by J. E. Ward (Macmillan).

A quiet little volume of meditations, somewhat in diary form, deeply religious in tone, with the slenderest thread of story, and a pastoral setting of English fields and lanes and trees, but marred by a too consciously poetic style.

### Sunday Night

Lord—  
If I can see,  
Let me show others the fair sight of Thee!

And, if I hear  
Strains of Thy music sounding very near,

Grant me to sing  
That they may know Thy voice in everything.

And let me smile,  
Pain will be over in a little while.



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## Trade and Industry

	Apr. 1922	May 1922	June 1922	July 1922	July 1921
Wholesale Prices <sup>1</sup> ..... (Michell)	161.2	160.9	164.5	165.3	174.3
Family Budget..... (Labour Gazette)	\$20.66	\$20.53	\$20.57	\$20.58	\$21.55
Volume of Employment <sup>2</sup> ..... (Employment Service of Canada)	82.8	89.2	91.1	.....	89.0
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities <sup>3</sup> ..... (Michell)	112.0	112.3	110.8	112.3	103.6

<sup>1</sup>Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

<sup>2</sup>Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the middle of each month, but, owing to a change in the method of computation at Ottawa, from May 1922 onwards the figures will refer to the end of the month.

<sup>3</sup>The following common stock quotations are included:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

"IS there no hope of better times?" asks the Assiduous Reader, in whom this page seems generally to produce a fit of "the blues." "Will the trade depression last for ever? Can you not, for a change, say something cheerful?"

If consistent caution is a crime, there is certainly ground for complaint against the tone of **Trade and Industry**. THE CANADIAN FORUM was founded at the beginning of a spell of very hard times. Within a few months, against the judgment of almost every financial journal in the country, it came to the conclusion that this industrial depression was likely to last a good deal longer than most of its predecessors, and that recovery was certain to be slow.

Yet no depression lasts for ever. Sooner or later in any period of stress, some financial journalist or other is sure to return to his employer (like the dove which brought its olive-leaf to Noah) with the news that he has touched on solid ground. The time must come when a turn of events for the better justifies the forecast of impending prosperity: and within the last few days there has been another little crop of newspaper stories, to the effect that farsighted manufacturers are preparing for a boom.

In one sense there is no doubt that the stage is set for industrial revival. A period of cheap money began some time ago. But producers will only take advantage of the financial situation, if they can sell their output profitably. A marked feature of the first half of the year, both in the United States and Canada, has been the failure of industry to take advantage of cheap money. The Stock Market has reaped the benefits instead.

What influences have retarded the trade revival and checked the growth of industrial demands for bank accommodation? Obvious among them have been (i) an uncertain exchange market, which adds to the cost of conducting foreign trade, and (ii) an uncertain equilibrium of domestic prices, which adds to the risk of producing goods for sale at home in the future.

(i) The trader's immediate need is for an exchange rate that moves within the narrowest possible limits. Provided it does not fluctuate, the question how high the rate is does not matter very

much. Recent political events, however, have made for fluctuation. The collapse of German payments on Reparations Account has again called in question the soundness of lire and francs, as well as of marks. Continental European currencies generally have been losing in value; and there is nothing in sight at present, which is likely to stop the decline.

(ii) Month after month it has been insisted in these columns that a stable equilibrium of prices in the domestic market can only be secured as farm products appreciate in value, compared with factory goods. There is little evidence of such appreciation at present.

At the moment, interest in wheat predominates. The future purchasing power of the prairie farmer is a subject of endless speculation. What are his prospects of recovery?

A few facts stand out. Though the prospect of a bumper crop has receded, it is still predicted that more than 350,000,000 bushels will be harvested—or about 70,000,000 bushels more than last year.

The mean of several forecasts made in the United States gives a probable American wheat crop of about 815,000,000 bushels. The total for the continent is thus likely to be rather larger than that of an average year.

England, whose dependence on wheat from overseas is absolute, has already purchased more heavily than usual. Her imports of wheat and flour during the first six months of 1919, 1920, and 1921 respectively, have been as follows: 1919, 82,200,000 cwts.; 1920, 75,600,000 cwts.; 1921, 85,600,000 cwts. The British dealer is therefore in a relatively strong position despite the prospect of a poor English harvest.

No. 1 Northern is already selling at about 45c. per bushel less than at this time last year. In October it may be selling at \$1.10 or less.

If a relatively larger crop is disposed of at prices even lower than those of 1921, the farmer may regard the worst as over. But it is not on this foundation that a trade boom will arise. At best, recovery cannot be rapid.

G. E. JACKSON.

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